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VOL. LXXIV.

No. II.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



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NOVEMBER, 1908.

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## CONTENTS OF NO. DCLVI.

THE YALE ART SCHOOL, .....	Leonard Bacon. 53
THE DREAM-SPRITE, .....	C. E. Lombardi. 57
BRIGHT PEOPLE AND THE WANTING OF THINGS, .....	C. E. Lombardi. 59
HOW THE PRINCE BECAME KING, .....	C. E. Lombardi. 6a
BALLADE OF GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN, .....	T. Lawrason Riggs. 70
IN PRAISE OF MATH., .....	R. D. French. 71
NOTABILIA, .....	75
PORTFOLIO, .....	76
MEMORABILIA YALENSIA, .....	8a
BOOK NOTICES, .....	85
EDITOR'S TABLE, .....	88

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Seventy-fourth Volume with the number for October, 1908. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in White Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors or their authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the editorial management of the periodical must be addressed to Horace W. Stokes, Chairman. Communications with regard to the business management, to Frederick A. Morrell, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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VOL. LXXIV.      NOVEMBER, 1908.      No. 2

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LEONARD BACON.

E. KENDALL MORSE.

HENRY A. BEERS, JR.

HORACE W. STOKES.

CARL H. P. THURSTON.

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BUSINESS MANAGER,      -      -      FREDERICK A. MORRELL, JR.

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THE YALE ART SCHOOL.

ART at Yale! What does that mean to the undergraduate? It means perfectly useless candlesticks, a favorite picture or two, Morris chairs, de luxe editions of un-Christian authors, and what one of our contributors felicitously terms "the svelte sheathiness of poster girls." There are courses in drawing and modelling, accidental glances into meaningless galleries, and a general assumption that it is odd to be interested in a subject which our own ignorance taboos.

It is without doubt true that college taste constantly improves. Nevertheless, although our advantages entitle us to a leading place among American universities in whatever concerns the fine arts, we are merely keeping up with the rest. And this forces us to ask the question why, possessing as we do a collection of paintings second only to the very finest galleries in France and Italy—(this is the substance of a remark

made by a director of the Louvre)—is there so little general comprehension of the importance, greatness, and beauty of our pictures. The lack of interest in question is no doubt traceable, to a certain extent, to the fact that America as a whole has, until very recently, paid comparatively little attention to matters of this sort. And perhaps it is somewhat unreasonable to expect widespread recognition of works many of which are difficult to understand and appreciate. Nevertheless nothing is more noticeable than the progress in the right direction made by the country in the last few years, and our comparative collegiate indifference cannot be laid at the door of a nation in which such men as Sargent, Abbey, Cox, and LaFarge have seen to it that the republic take no further harm.

It seems to us that there is a more local cause than that outlined above, namely, the conservative, perhaps slightly chauvinistic policy of the Art School in its relation to the undergraduate. Absorbed in the technical part of their art, of which they are eminent exponents, the professors in charge have, it seems, paid little heed to the rabble at the gate. The invitation to enter the temple has not been spread abroad widely enough, and a gospel which is surely important has utterly failed to penetrate the healthy but conservative spirits of the twenty-five hundred undergraduates in New Haven. The English department, in a cursory way, runs over such paintings as "the great John Ruskin loves"; but, save for a couple of lectures a year, the Art School has never attempted the salvation of the masses. Ruskin and Rossetti and their army of followers went down into lower London and taught drawing and painting to workingmen. The analogy between lower London and the undergraduate body is, perhaps, not close, but the twenty years between 1850 and 1870 seethed with lectures, controversies, and other characteristic manifestations of art militant. And that is what we need.

We have religious, literary, philosophic, theatrical, mathematical, and philological clubs and societies. Is there any institution in the university which will help a man, who does not intend to become a painter, to a comprehension and appre-

ciation of good pictures and an ever-growing delight in them? Can he obtain, in other words, by any combination of the courses open to him, or by any extra curriculum method within the university, an artistic modesty, a knowledge of good and evil in matters of great importance? One is forced to the conclusion that he cannot. There are, it is true, courses in which men turn over photographs of Etruscan vases, and presumably *appear* intelligent, for the greater number pass such courses. But when all is said and done, in spite of our advantages, there is not a course or a club whose influence, at least as far as the undergraduate is concerned, goes to create a worthy, enduring pleasure in the fine arts of painting and sculpture.

Is it impossible for us to have a course in which a man may learn something which will have an important bearing on his future happiness, that is, to love and to comprehend such examples of ancient and modern art as have immortal meaning? The late Professor Norton at Harvard gave a course which looked to such a comprehension. He was a very remarkable man, whose influence reached far. We need a man of his calibre, to handle problems similar to those he handled; and we will get him, too, if the law of supply and demand is still in force.

Now to the actual particulars. In the Jarves collection there are fifteen or twenty of the noblest specimens of fourteenth and fifteenth century Italian art. They are huddled together beside pictures of considerable historic interest, which, however, have little claim to greatness and are merely the first foundations of a splendid but unfinished arch. Would it not be possible to transport these pictures to some arcanum where they might still be of use to the special student? The space liberated could then be devoted to a sensible rearrangement of paintings of the first rank. In well-arranged European galleries, such as the Academia di Bella Arte at Venice, the pictures are hung at a reasonable distance from each other, with sufficient background of a gently colored character. At Yale the confusion incident to overcrowding takes the edge from

many a painting which, in a more fortunate position, might exercise a very strong influence even on the average undergraduate, as far as his appreciation of color and spirit are concerned. In the present arrangement of the Jarves collection one sees such a confusion in its most chaotic form.

To a certain extent the same conditions rule the Modern Room. We have there many splendid paintings, but they are swamped and obliterated by certain miraculous examples of poor taste. Could there be anything of a more loathsomely fustian nature than Trumbull's *Maternal Love*, except those gigantic abortions which on their own recognizance illustrate *Marmion* and the *Holy Volume*.

We believe that the country and the world are standing at the beginning of a large renascence,—and aesthetic renascence of the races that shall bring to pass greater things than its fifteenth century prototype. It behooves the Yale Art School to take the vanguard of this movement in its local and national sense—to create interest and appreciation by every possible method. When a chair of fine arts shall have been established with the understanding that its holder is to act as an Apostle to the Philistines, we shall know that the work is fairly started, and not until then. For, though our pictures remain more beautiful than morning, their beauty is nothing to us if we will not see them; or, in other words, if the spirit of the University is not right. The Art School must see that the spirit of the University is right. It must strive its utmost to open the eyes of the captains, and to give the people sight.

*Leonard Bacon.*

## THE DREAM-SPRITE.

## I.

## THE SHEPHERD GOING TO THE CITY.

The eddying mist, which dims the town,  
Enshrouds a living flame of dreams.  
Dull are the streets, gray stones and brown;  
Not dull nor brown the City seems,  
For the great red world marvelously  
In one sheer dream-flame flashes there.—  
The leagues of gleaming, mystic sea,—  
The vast, strange coral-lands,—the fair  
Deep mountain-meadows, glacier-watched,  
Pine-crested,—thrill the quickened air  
Back to the dream-town, where they dwell  
Who see all visions, the world o'er.  
Yonder the keen-eyed townsmen dream;  
Before them wild, bright sea and shore,  
One mighty, flaming vision, stream,  
Their captive dream for evermore.

## II.

## THE SHEPHERD RETURNING.

From dreaming towns of dreaming men  
The Sprite of dreams is far away;  
They dream, good sooth, and dream again,  
Yet never rest, nor night, nor day,  
For all the lurid dream they see  
About them lies, with curses hot,  
And all the red world throngs to be  
Their dream, and it suffices not.  
Come, dreamer, from the dreaming town,  
Although the townsmen bid thee stay  
(They'd have thee for their prattling clown  
To chase their darker dreams away)



Come, dreamer, to the hillside brown,  
For brown it is and dry, I ween;  
Come lay thee in the hillside grass  
Where it is dry, and brown of sheen;  
Come, sigh and let the breezes pass;  
The breezes are but whisp'ring air,  
They whisper through the hillside grass,  
But O, the Sprite of dreams is there!

*C. E. Lombardi.*

## BRIGHT PEOPLE AND THE WANTING OF THINGS.

IT is an odd fact that the people who spend the most time circulating around notion-counters usually pick up the fewest ideas. A scarcity of subjective fancies seems to drive its possessor to the place where objective ones are most plentiful. To this fact is due the familiarity of a cruelly pathetic sight,—the figure of the twice-weary rover, fagged in brain from inertia, and exhausted in body from constant rushing about. To this man the whole universe is one vast notion-counter, the price of whose wares he is inherently unable to pay. We are likely to find such unlucky people jostling their way to prominence in all sorts of activities, naively looking for the great Ideas they have been told of,—expecting to find Mental Activity in press-rooms and campaign headquarters, Romance under moonlit balconies, and Adventure in Central Africa and at the North Pole. Meeting these men is like being overwhelmed by a hurricane in a vacuum. But they make it, by contrast, the more exhilarating to come upon the opposite type,—the wild, quiet folk who shine with plenty,—not of press-rooms, but of Mental Activity; not of moon-balconies, but of Romance; not of Central African experiences, but of moving chances which have fallen in this weird, unknowable country just about us,—this land of downward chimneys and horizontal wells. Meeting one of these men is like coming upon a fixed star after worrying a much-bumped way among the blind, dark moons which crash through space. He is like the one torch which is still enough to let its flame mount and dance, while the others, flying on through the dark, are fanned down to nearly nothing. He illustrates the fact that outward actions are rendered of any worth only by their subjective re-actions. He also illustrates, as is more to the present purpose, that the people who are most active mentally usually take the least part in external activities.

Because the last statement is true, active-minded people are in danger of having time to see a good many things clearly,—among other things the ends which are the motives for other men's activities. Seeing these ends and not being satisfied with them, they are not likely to take much interest in the activities themselves. The especially unlucky part of this is that the more natural bent a person has for a subject, the more likely he is to get the end point of view in regard to it prematurely. For this reason we must rely on the unphilosophic to give zest to the following of Philosophy, because the philosophic suppose that they do know the Absolute, and then—what? We have to rely on the prosaic to write our good romances, because the romantic already feel too clearly the wild darkness, the goading refrain, and the last, thrilling glance. They are not interested in going back and constructing a long plot to lead up to these things; but they might be interested in a long plot which would start with them and go as far beyond. We have to rely on the essentially staid and sober to consume our champagne. The naturally hilarious can describe wild orbits about their friends' necks without any preparation of filling and emptying cups,—consequently they can be little concerned with a needless preliminary form.

Thus the people who should be the most enthusiastic find themselves in a state of mind detached from all enthusiasm. There are just two Mental Attitudes possible, as far as Enthusiasm is concerned, one which is of the substance of Ardor, and another which is incompatible with it. The first is the state of mind from which all ordinary objects and activities appear as merely means, the ends being grand, uncomprehended things beyond—such as discovering an Absolute, writing a Romance, or becoming intoxicated. The other is the position from which the great goals of effort have been examined in advance, and found unsatisfying. There being no great Ends to justify considering ordinary experiences and activities as means, these commonplace things begin to be considered as little ends in themselves. To illustrate: there are, for present purposes, just two ways of looking at a ripe, juicy

cucumber. One way is to consider it something which must be eaten quickly in order that one may get to a legislative meeting and pass good laws which will facilitate the raising and distributing of more cucumbers, or as something to be used as a cosmetic so that a lady may attract a circle of potentially good cucumber-raisers, or as a projectile to be smashed against the shirt-front of the man who opposes one's cucumber-law arguments. The other is to consider the fresh, ripe cucumber, with its perfect coloring, its inimitable odor, and its consummate flavor, as an end in itself, independent of making laws or beauty. Of course the latter is the black and hopeless view,—for this reason—it tends to cut off the very fountain-head of life and happiness, which is desire. A man may wish to make laws, or confuse opponents to an infinite extent, but at one time, or even for some time after, he cannot wish for more than a very limited number of end-in-itself cucumbers,—at most two dozen. When the interesting and inspiring people who are subjects of this essay find themselves worked around to the position of regarding cucumbers as ends in themselves, they are liable, with the ungodly, to the fulfilment of the most terrible curse the terrible Psalmist ever uttered. "The desire of the wicked shall perish."

*C. E. Lombardi.*

## HOW THE PRINCE BECAME KING.

"SEND the Wise Men away," said the Prince. "Send them all away quickly, or they will bore me to death."

"But, your Royal Highness,"—and the dust-dry Lord Chancellor emitted really moist tears of grief and vexation,—  
"His Majesty, your father, has sent for these men from distances of fifty, one hundred, twenty, and three thousand miles, respectively, solely in order that they may give you their ideas."

"That's just the trouble," whiffed the Prince. "They're everlastingly trying to give me ideas. And what ideas they are! Mean, angular little things that hop into a fellow's head and muddle up his brains and then flit off to hide their faces between the covers of poor, worn-out note-books. And as for that poet whom they brought from so far, he's always being touched with pangs of something-er-other. What an inane existence!—Forever being touched with pangs of something-er-other!"

"But your Highness must apply yourself to these things," the Lord Chancellor preached. "You really must cultivate concentration and perseverance. It requires concentration and perseverance to accomplish anything at all, from jumping a rope three hundred times in succession,—which is by no means so easy a task as your Highness might imagine,—to being punctual at the dinner hour every night for a week. And really," he added, with even greater seriousness, "you must accomplish something soon, for the populace are becoming more and more discontented with you."

"The courtiers can wait for their dinner well enough," said the Prince, "and I am just as happy on this side of the three hundred ropes. As for the populace,"—here he paled a trifle, for he had seen with his own eyes the fiery demonstration in which he was carried in effigy, hoe in hand, to the Royal potato patch,—  
"as to the populace, let it appear in their principal journals to-morrow morning that I am devoting

myself to literary pursuits, and expect within a few days to publish a genuine book, in four colors. Now tell those thought-vendors to get out."

The Lord Chancellor sighed. "How I regret sending the poet away!" he murmured. "He has come three thousand long miles, simply to see that your highness's dreams are shaped properly."

"O, away with the dreams!" cried the Prince, irritably. "What is a dream, anyway?—A delusion and a snore!"

"Ah, no, the dreams of youth are the achievements of old age," was the Lord Chancellor's parting effort to be of benefit.

"Quite the contrary," retorted the Prince, for, when he wished to end an interview, it was his cherished habit always to contradict the Lord Chancellor, "the achievements of youth are the dreams of age."

At this the Lord Chancellor hurried away, with some muttered plea for "His Majesty, your father, who is far from well."

The Prince leaned over and touched an electric button which connected with a call-bell in the state printer's office. "Typin," he enjoined, when the functionary appeared, all panting and reverence, "on one of the bookshelves of the Imperial garret you will find an account of Commodore Perry's Japan expedition, in three voluminous volumes. Remove the first thirteen and two-thirds pages of the second volume; and reprint them in the form of a booklet, with gilt-edged leaves and a cover of white satin. On this cover have printed in letters of gold: "Spoken Thoughts for Thoughtless Speakers," and below, smaller and in silver: "A Free Gift of Heart and Intellect from the Prince to his People." About these words arrange a design of green thistles with pink tufts of bloom at their ends. Distribute these booklets among the prominent stationery dealers of the city, with instructions to display them in their windows, but to refuse to sell any, and say that all the copies which can possibly be printed in the next two years have already been spoken for."

The state printer bowed to the floor, and hurried out to play golf with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Then the Prince, removing his regal attire, put on a silk shirt and a pair of corduroy trousers (not to mention a new pair of low shoes encased in mud), for he had an engagement to toss diabolo on the Imperial tennis courts with the third Jester-Royal of the realm. Before he could leave his room, however, the Lord Chancellor came rushing in again with a red face and a puffing voice. "The Professors have been observed going away," he gasped, "and the Populace has risen."

As he stopped speaking, the Prince could hear a great roar of surging voices apparently coming up the Palace Hill. "Princ-éss, Princ-éss, Princ-éss!" seemed to be the burden of the mounting shout.

"What on earth do they mean?" cried the Prince. "There isn't any Princess."

A sudden light came into the Lord Chancellor's face. "I know what they want," he said, "they want you to get married."

"Get married!"

"Why certainly! It's always been one of their grievances that you have done absolutely nothing toward providing a suitable future, queen."

"Hush!" said the Prince. "Listen!"

The tone of the roaring seemed to be changing. For a time all the people in the throng were apparently shouting different things. Then gradually all voices blended into one cry, which came pealing through the palace windows: "If he won't grind, he's gotter fuss!—If he won't grind, he's gotter fuss!"

"There are three charming princesses," began the Lord Chancellor, resuming his pompous manner with his thoughts of safety, "who live in their respective castles at distances of six, ten, and eighteen miles from this place. Go pay your respects to them at once. I will appease the people by telling them where you have gone."

The Prince started for the Royal stables without even following his custom of contradicting the Lord Chancellor.

"One last word," called the Chancellor. "In making your selection remember that beauty of feature will soon change and fade, but beauty of mind will endure forever."

"Quite the contrary," replied the Prince, thereby meaning to end the interview. "A young lady always changes her mind much more quickly than her personal appearance."

Thereupon the Lord Chancellor hurried off to address the people, and the Prince rushed to the stables and saddled and mounted his favorite horse, never stopping to change his clothes or shine his shoes. As he galloped up the hill behind the palace, he could see the crowds dispersing in front of it. "Not for long!" he shouted at them, secure in the knowledge that he could not be heard. "When the Prince is King, no more stupid professors, nor bothersome printing of books, nor breaking afternoon engagements, just to satisfy your whims."

The Prince galloped the entire distance to the furthestmost of the three castles, and when he arrived before its gates he wound three rousing blasts upon his hunting horn. But the Princess within only looked at him from a small fourth-story window and refused to let anyone open the gates; for what self-respecting Princess would grant an interview to a Prince in corduroy trousers and his shirt-sleeves? So the Prince, being unable to get into the castle, or even to see the princess in the window, trotted off disgruntled. In like manner he was shut out of the second castle, and he walked his horse dejectedly all the way to the third. Here he tried ringing the doorbell instead of winding upon his horn; and who should come to let him in but the princess herself, who thought it was her father coming home to dinner! At sight of the Prince, who looked like a tramp in his bespattered shoes and corduroys, she gave an excessively pretty little scream and ran off; whereupon the Prince cantered home in splendid humor.

He reported to the Lord Chancellor that he didn't care for the Princesses in the first two castles at all, but the one in the third might do very nicely. To this the old gentleman replied



that faint heart ne'er won fair lady and he must at once set to work writing verses for her in the most approved French forms—ballade, double ballade, chant royale, sestina, villanelle, rondeau and triolet. The Prince said he would write a triolet, as that was the shortest, and took leave of the functionary with some trifling contradictions. That night he was closeted for four hours with the third Jester-Royal of the realm, and (to be judiciously confidential about affairs of State) this is what the pair left upon the lattice window-sill of the princess before morning:

"I should be quite contented  
If you would call a pun  
This thing I have invented.  
I should be quite contented  
(Although it sounds demented),  
For know I am the one  
I should be quite contented  
If you would call upon."

The Prince was so well pleased with his success as a wit and verse-maker that the day following was the third happiest of his life. But it was also, unfortunately, the third shortest, and upon the next day a fully equipped warrior rode up to the gates of the castle, blew three mighty blasts upon a jet-black horn, and made a proclamation somewhat as follows:

"Whereas, His Majesty, the King of Castle Sixmilesaway, has found upon his daughter's lattice window-sill a ms. containing the insulting implication that she would do a thing so unmaidenly as to call upon a prince, and

"Whereas, the hand-writing expert of Castle Sixmilesaway has declared that this ms. was written by the Prince of this castle; therefore.

"Be it known that unless due apology is made within twenty-four hours, this castle will be in a state of siege."

"Great!" cried the Prince, when the Lord Chancellor informed him that war was at hand. Then, suddenly remembering a day of his childhood when he was severely struck on

the back of the head with a golf ball, he added: "No, we can't have war under any circumstances. Send the Princess a written apology stating that I left the verse on the wrong window-sill. It was intended for my favorite Greek professor, whose lesson for to-morrow I happen to know by heart."

"But no favorite professor of your Highness' lives in that castle," objected the Chancellor.

"Quite the contrary," the Prince replied. "My favorite everything lives in that castle."

Having thus disposed of the Lord Chancellor, the Prince hastened to his father's apartments, to inform the King that this break-up didn't make any difference, as he thought girls were a bore, anyhow. He arrived at the Royal apartments just too late, however, for the news of his son's levity had so shocked the good sovereign as to bring on the end of his long period of sickness. Of course the Prince was stricken with grief; but, as the castle was a haunted one, and he was quite certain that he would see his father's spirit within a few evenings and be able to explain personally how badly he felt, he hastened off, without stopping to mourn, to see about his succession.

"The people are gathered in front of the palace!" cried the Lord Chancellor, who met the Prince at the doorway of the apartments.

"That's nothing,—the King is dead!" the Prince shouted back.

"Don't you suppose they know that?" replied the Chancellor, without the slightest suggestion of a "Vive le roi!" "It was flashed to them from the top of the palace half an hour ago."

"Then," said the Prince, "I will step forward and address them on the future Royal policy of the realm. Professors, book-writing, compulsory verse and all other nuisances are to be abolished."

He was pushing on past the Chancellor with elation when he found himself obstructed by a breathless elderly gentleman who had just finished running up four flights of palace stairs.

"Well, Mr. Mathewson?" said the Prince, in a tone of not-to-be-appeased dignity, as he recognized the chief car-wheel manufacturer and leading citizen of the realm.

"We mean you no harm, your Highness," the gentleman began.

"Majesty," corrected the Prince.

"We mean you no harm, your Highness," Mr. Mathewson went on, "although the people were a little indignant over your unbearable triolet. We stand now merely for the enforcement of the Law. Hurry up, Dawson."

Dawson entered at this moment and the Prince had to smother his indignation at the thought of so small an office-boy being hurried when he staggered under so prodigious a roll of parchment.

"This, sir," announced the inventor of "Mat's Never Flat," as the boy put the scroll down on the floor, "is the statement of our case."

"Great turrets! Must I read all that?" cried the Prince.

"You ought to," said the Chancellor. "Every Prince should know the names of his subjects." For Dawson was now unrolling the parchment and displaying interminable columns of closely written signatures. Work as he would, under the sting of repeated encouragements, it took him fully ten minutes to get these name-lists unrolled, and to disclose at the very top of the long parchment a few lines which were not entirely of proper nouns.

"Ah, I will read this," said the Prince, and immediately became so tangled up in a succession of legal technicalities that he was glad to withdraw his mind, still sound, from the parchment.

"It is very simple," said the Lord Chancellor, who had been reading over his shoulder, "there is an ancient law of the realm requiring every new king to qualify before taking his office, by passing examinations in Analytical Astronomy, the History of Babylonian Philosophy and Mental Arithmetic. The undersigned merely insist this law be enforced, and refuse to support your Highness at public expense any longer, until you take up your duties as king."

The Prince was dumbfounded. He knew scarcely enough mental arithmetic to suffice him in ordinary bridge, to say nothing of passing examinations. "Why didn't you tell me this before?" he groaned.

"The people do not always insist upon the enforcement of this statute," said the Chancellor—then, with pompous sarcasm: "I suppose you are disgusted with the Law of your Land."

The Prince straightened up. "Quite the contrary," he cried; "you ought to have another,—against unmarried kings."

In five minutes he was galloping toward the hut of a sage who lived a hundred miles distant, and was considered the foremost living authority upon Mental Arithmetic.

The Prince reached the professor's hut on the evening of the following day, having broken all the realm's records in long-distance riding. That night he spent with the sage, one scroll and one taper. So great was his diligence that on the next morning the wise man answered his repeated questions, and told him that after three months of such work he would be justified in taking a vacation long enough to visit a certain poet who lived at a distance of some three thousand miles, and to make his return journey *via* another castle not so far away. This day was the second happiest of the Prince's life.

As for his happiest day, we will only suggest that it was *not* the one upon which he completed the first of his standard works upon Mental Arithmetic, although that event, also, has pleasant associations.

*C: E. Lombardi.*

## BALLADE OF GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

Oft from the glare of the village street  
Sought they refuge on sultry days  
In the dim house—from their cool retreat  
Strolling, when slanted the evening's rays,  
Through a porch with trumpet-vine ablaze,  
Down a path bordered with hollyhocks.  
Shrub-hidden catbirds trilled sleepy lays,  
And the air was spiced with the scent of box.

Did the fair maidens, whose slippered feet  
Scared the old toad from the gravel ways,  
Always converse in a manner discreet  
With the gallant youths, as grandmother says?  
Stilted was early Victorian phrase,  
Formal the stiffness of crinoline frocks,  
Yet the garden was hedged from the vulgar gaze,  
And the air was spiced with the scent of box.

In the midst of the rose-bushes labelled neat  
Where bankshires cascaded in golden haze  
Over a latticed arbor-seat  
Each youth poured forth his adored one's praise,  
Aided most sweetly with bright nosegays,  
Snapdragon, larkspur, crimson phlox.  
Fit setting the place for their tender delays,  
When the air was spiced with the scent of box.

## ENVOI

Prince, 'twas before our Italian craze,  
Marble fauns would have given shocks,  
Lacking were pergolas, potted bays,  
But the air was spiced with the scent of box.

*T. Laurason Riggs.*

## IN PRAISE OF MATH.

WHETHER it be that the wise men of old, whom she has baffled, have chosen wilfully to malign her, or whether they may actually have misunderstood her, it is a notorious fact that Mathematics has come down to us in tradition as a stern science of the most prosaic and unbending exactness. From the first, we have known her as a sort of maiden aunt among our studies, a pucker-faced mentor who would have no skipping off with the sunbeams to Oberton and Fairyland, such as other students than Keats have delighted in. She is a thing of rulers and string, and of three times four is twelve, with about as much romance in her as in the bricks of the school. Perhaps, at first, she will try to deceive us with the enticing formula, "If you had six oranges"; but we soon learn that these words, even as the "once upon a time" which prefaces the Sunday school teacher's story, are but a delusion and a snare. She seeks to lure our innocent untamed interest within the reach of her net, and after she has had us once in her power there is no fooling us again, and she may make it six velocipedes for all the interest she may expect from us.

So we go on loathing her through all the dreary round of her apprenticeship, until, arrived at years of greater conscientiousness, we find it in our own hands whether or no we shall serve longer under her. With the list of courses open to Freshmen before us, we sit in judgment upon her, and it is here that we do her the greatest wrong. We choose Mathematics because—so runs our shameful thought—she is practical. For better, for worse, we choose her, base utilitarians that we are, because we think she can make bread.

Yet we may not all be so grossly self-seeking. Some of us, perhaps conscience-ridden New Englanders, will elect Mathematics for intellectual discipline, as we might pay a reluctant call upon some estimable lady of our mother's acquaintance out of a torturing sense of duty. Self-scrutiniz-

ing to a degree, we suspect ourselves of flirting with our other studies. The Classics are college widows of long standing; Modern Languages smack of continental frivolity; and Economics and History, we strongly suspect, are wicked and worldly. There can be none of these objections to Mathematics. She reminds us of certain young ladies whom our mothers describe as good, sensible girls.

It is not long, however, if we be lucky, before we find how wrongly we have judged her. So far from being a dry, colorless thing of squares and triangles, whose discourse will, as we hope, improve our minds, she is, we discover, a thing of moods and caprices, wayward as the Muse herself, and blithe at times as the most popular course in English. A man need not to have been born with a silver protractor in his mouth, nor to know his Descartes' Law of Signs by heart, to have a smile from her. The dreamer,—be he as awkward with a protractor as a baby with a fork, and though he had rather discover a bird's nest than a law of signs—he, too, may have profit of her acquaintance.

Indeed, we have a misgiving that she makes sport a little—the sly minx—of those serious-minded admirers of hers, who have sold their lives into bondage of her flippancy riddles, and have risen from contemplation of this Dulcinea of theirs to ride forth on quixotic quests in her name. What of the well-meaning author of this text-book of ours, who tells us of eighty million people, each tossing up two hundred pennies a second, and would have us sit down, in all seriousness, to figure out the probabilities of the number of heads that will turn in an hour? Mathematics, we fancy, must have her laugh over her graybeard lovers whom she has set to chasing such gossamers as these.

A sense of humor in Mathematics is a new thought for us, but it is not the only unexpected trait which we discover in her. It develops anon that her soul is that of an artist. Her very nomenclature, we perceive suddenly, teems with dramatic possibilities, from the triangular situation of the Rule of

Three, to the highly romantic Rose of Four Branches, and the weird Witch of Agnesi. Viewed in this light, her erstwhile lay figures take on new interest, and we realize a complete literary development in her, from the fairy-tale stages of the six oranges to the more involved framework of her mature productions. There is, for instance, a fatality worthy of the Greek tragic poets in the man A who leaves M, strong in hope, but, so the science shows us, can never reach his destination, N. Scrutinizing the earlier days of our acquaintance with Math., we find such outlines as, "Alfred, who has five apples, takes two from Gwendolyn, who has three"; which we should have known at once to be epic, had not our keen boy-imagination been so blunted by our unwarranted conception of "'rithmetic," as to be unmoved by the suggestion of unending wrath sure to follow upon this unjust division of the spoil. With lightning rapidity, Mathematics runs the gamut of emotions, from the agony of hope in the man on the sinking ship (P) who espies a sail on the horizon (at P') to the low comedy of the white-washer whose ladder slips.

Surprised by these undreamed of moods into a new interest in the vagaries of this ancient bugbear of ours, we study her with wonder which grows by stages into awe. The gay romance which, we had fancied, brought her nearer to us, lifts her, we discover, infinitely above us. Behind her moments of frivolity, deeper than her profoundest discourses, there is in her an enkindling of imagination which a man may not dare approach. Unsuspected,—even to the gray-headed among her worshippers vague and illusory,—an ethereal spirit which transcends all human wit has dwelt in her from of old. Unconsciously we have fallen under its spell, since first we soared with her above the flat and unprofitable levels of plane geometry, and found ourselves conversing with her quite pleasantly in a space which must make us dizzy to think on. Mathematics is no poet or philosopher to lead us, with elaborate pomposity, to the brink of the chasm and, like some self-important guide, to instruct us how to be impressed. With her there is no lofty tale of a "great ring of pure and endless



light." She does but make us a commonplace symbol that might be a figure eight lying on its side; and we learn to talk quite plausibly of it, and to put plus and minus signs before it, until we wake suddenly to the realization that it is Infinity of which we are making table-talk, and shrink back abashed at our irreverence.

With regret we part from her,—a far cry indeed from the whining reluctance with which we crept unwilling to her tasks. Her heart, we have discovered, is as expansive as the Binomial Theorem, and it will go hard with a man if he cannot find some corner in it this side of the  $n$ th term. Thinking to find her instructive, we have found her entrancing; and thinking we had proved her frivolous, we have been shamed out of our unworthy opinion by her lofty seriousness. Now, as she has flitted easily beyond our ken into a sort of fourth dimension space, we turn from pursuit of her, keen with enthusiasm to bid any man, if Mathematics compel him to go a mile with her, to go with her twain.

*R. D. French.*

## NOTABILIA.

As the day of the Harvard game approaches, the football management finds itself confronted with the old problem, which has become so difficult of solution that it now appears as a serious emergency. Where are we to find seats for the enormous number of graduates and outsiders who take a keen and natural interest in one of the most important athletic contests of the year? The old wooden stands cannot accommodate two-thirds of those who wish to see the game, and, judging from the present outlook, even some of the graduates may be denied the privileges to which their connection with the University entitles them. Yale needs some metallic or concrete structure that will hold at least sixty-five thousand people. Her present stands, with a maximum seating capacity of thirty-five thousand, are utterly inadequate.

The building of satisfactory football stands will, of course, be expensive, but they are necessary, and the University has decided to erect them. In the meantime the alumni and the undergraduates will continue to bear the expense of keeping the old stands in proper repair, which is a costly matter, and a bad investment.

With the large quantity of straw that is used to keep the ground in good condition, there is always the possibility of fire in the surrounding mountain of kindling wood, and as this is arranged in layers, with convenient draughts to lead the flames to every portion of its structure, a fire would ensure the postponement, or the prevention of the game. And if such a fire should occur when the stands are creaking and groaning under their too great burden, the narrow exits and the panic, if not the flames, would cause a disaster which we do not care to contemplate.

It rests with the whole body of Yale men, graduate and undergraduate, whether or no, in 1911, those of us who are lucky enough to obtain entrance shall ascend once more our time-honored, rickety and over-crowded pyre.

H. W. S.

## PORTFOLIO.

## THE CALL OF A WALTZ.

Over the garden the melody floats  
 Of the last slow waltz from within the hall;  
 And a faint wisteria on the wall,  
 Seeming to droop beneath its spell,  
 Throws a fragrance over all;  
 While ever the wail of the violins  
 To all who listen subtly cries—  
 "Come—and join the lingering waltz  
 "Ere it dies—ere it dies—ere it dies."

The midnight breeze drives a little cloud  
 Across the moon, like a strand of hair  
 Crept loose 'mid the whirl of the dancers there,  
 Falling across a glowing cheek;  
 And the shadows merge into purple dark,  
 While still the measured music cries—  
 "Come—and dance to the swaying waltz  
 "Ere it dies—ere it dies—ere it dies."

*E. K. Morse.*

—The head-waiter at the Hotel des Sts. Pères—and at the Sts. Pères the head waiter is a waiter—always roused in one a strong feeling of admiration and sympathy; particularly sympathy. The look in his eyes always made you feel sorry for the poor man—even when he set the ice cream before you and murmured proudly, "A l'Americaine." He had the fatal habit of awakening pity. You couldn't look at his great soft brown eyes, and the pathetic tremble of his lips, without feeling a subtle thrill of sentiment stealing over you. To see him standing patiently beside a table, or quietly carrying a melon across the dining-room, was to think inevitably of the "Tragedies of Humble Life,"—or of any other book with "Tragedies" in the title. His gentle poise, his noble self-restraint, were quite too much for one; and this morning, the pathos of his expression seemed to be peculiarly heightened. As usual, I weakened. I thought of that last play I'd seen, where the baron disguised himself as a waiter. Impossible, of course, but—the look of desperation in his eyes defeated logic.

*IN MOURNFUL  
 NUMBERS.*

"Jean," said I, "Come here!"

The alacrity with which he approached, and the tone of his "Oui, M'sieur," were anything but disappointing. A sensation of bestowing unexpected charity crept over me; and that old Mother-Goose rhyme about "little seeds of kindness" sprang to my mind. I felt like a lord dispensing alms to his serfs.

"Jean," said I, "you're looking worried."

The pained expression which always means "I didn't quite get that," crossed his face.

"Triste," I continued. "Vous êtes feeling triste, ce matin—n'est ce pas?" At times like this I am forced to regret my lack of French, for I could do so much with it. Jean, for instance, speaks it beautifully. Fate has willed it otherwise with me.

"Oui, m'sieur." The at-any-cost expression which always indicates embryonic conversation in a Frenchman appeared in his eyes. "Oui, m'sieur, I am sad because of a little child—a little child, who is dead."

I felt suddenly repentant. Why had I been so prying; so thoughtlessly curious? But Jean went on in his long-distance tone:

"I will tell you, m'sieur. That little boy is the only child. His mother is dead; his father—all alone in the world. So that boy is a very nice thing for that father to keep—n'est ce pas? But one day the child goes to school with the other boys and girls. At recess, they play in the street. There comes a storm—thunder and lightning—a bad storm. The boy's father comes home in the afternoon—his child is not in the house. He looks at his watch—hears the storm outside,—says to himself 'my child is with his little friend Jacques, like that other time when it stormed. All is well.' And he sits by his fire."

Jean sighed as he paused to open a jar of honey.

"Outside the house," he went on, "it rains—hard. And the boy's father sits by his fire and thinks. He says, 'It cannot be that the Holy Virgin she let my boy go away from me like my Marie; ah, no! Those other boys—surely le bon Dieu, he will take one of them, if he takes one at all. Ah, no—all is well.' But all the time it is raining—hard. And as the man says to himself, 'It cannot be'—the lightning comes. Voila! Like that! And at the window he sees something white, like that cloth—something that moves like the face of a little child."

For an instant I was sure I caught the trace of a sob in Jean's voice; the tones certainly trembled, and the way in which he turned and picked up some silver from the next table showed his emotion.

"That man," he went on, "he sits by his fire and is cold all over—like dead. Outside he hears the wind like a wild beast at the door. He goes to the door and throws it open, but he sees—only the rain like a wall, and the black of the night. But no little boy. So he say 'Voilà! I am a coward. My child he is with his little friend Jacques; of course! I am foolish. Oui!' And so he goes back to the fire and he sits there,—cold all over, like dead."

"But, Jean," I interrupted, "why didn't he go and—"

"Mais, m'sieur! Une petite minute!" The pathetic excitement in the tones silenced me instantly. "All night that father sits there; sometimes he sleeps and sometimes he listens to the shriek of the wind. But in the morning, it is not yet light when he goes to the door, and makes for to go find his child. He says 'Ah—all is well, but I make for su-aire!' So he opens that door."

Jean paused impressively. It came over me suddenly that he was very serious; that what he was telling about was very close to his heart; that I was listening to the long-sought for explanation of his melancholy air. The thought thrilled me. All the ridiculous side of the little waiter's character vanished; I saw only the lonely figure, heart-broken and patient. A great sense of pity swept over me; I longed to be able to do something—anything,—to show my sympathy. The low voice began again.

"He opens that door, and he finds—what you think?"

Unconsciously I started.

"Not the child!" I cried.

"Mais, oui, m'sieur! All wet—and cold—and still, like dead. He lies there on the stones,—the father's only child—the last one he has to love, m'sieur,—dead!" Jean hesitated and I saw the tears glistening in his eyes. "Is it not—how you say—sad, m'sieur?"

I nodded. My emotion was too much for me. Then,

"The man?" I said. "What of him, Jean? Who was he? What did he do?"

For the first time Jean seemed embarrassed. He shrank visibly.

"Mais je ne sais pas, m'sieur," he murmured. "Mais—I—I find out for you." He walked quickly to the sideboard and took up a copy of the morning's paper.

"But Jean!" I expostulated. "You don't understand! I mean—his *name*! Le nom! Who was he—this man you were telling about?"

Jean came towards me with a plate of butter-balls in one hand and the "Journal" in the other.

"Ah, oui, m'sieur. Je comprends. It is here. I—une petite seconde, s'il vous plait?"

A horrible idea swept over me.

"Jean!" I cried. "You don't—you can't mean you read that in the paper! Didn't—didn't you even *know* the man?"

The look in Jean's eyes was one of infinite reproach.

"Mais non, m'sieur," he said.

"But then,"—I lost my temper. "Why in—why—" I sank weakly into the nearest chair.

The pathos in the tremble which shook Jean's lips was heart-breaking.

"Ah, m'sieur"—one of the butter balls rolled off the plate like a great golden tear, and splashed heavily on the floor. "Mais je suis un artiste!"

R. D. Hillis.

—Smoke from the forest fires held the land and sky in a dim haze, that week of late summer,—days better for painter than photographer. To-day the illustrious sun, though half on high, was a harmless disk of pale gold, like a Louis d'Or.

SWEET MUSIC  
AND ENAMELED  
STONES.

We three—I and another and Cassius—were early at the stream. Cassius was the district Nimrod; slight of stature, curved back, drooping mustache, the dark eyes of the Frenchman; who, in a closed season, talked, with sidelong glances, of deer. He had the Yankee's accent, however, and you felt that he had the dry Yankee humor, too. On his back he bore the inevitable pack basket, though it was practically empty.

The river's noise was in our ears: now a hollow, pouring sound, now a bell-like tinkle, now a loud splash, startlingly

suggestive of some heavy animal wading the stream; under all the volubility, the drowsy sweet keynote of the current. A North Woods stream like a little English river that

"Makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge"—

but colder, newer and wilder.

After two hours of indifferent fishing, we came to the head of the Stillwater—a chain of quieter reaches. Here at noon we lunched by a dark spring in the river edge.

It was here Cassius essayed to shoot the "big trout" of the day. The quarry, lured in vain, and then by chance frightened forth, had taken refuge, tail protruding, betwixt two boulders that lay in the bed of the square-cut hole. After a conscientious last dangle of his hook in vain, Cassius wades forward, revolver in hand. The water, clearer than clear glass, comes above his knees. How shortened and distorted his feet and legs seem! The trout is absolutely still. The gun is advanced.—The clear picture is flurried for an instant. Then the pool is itself and the flattened bullet is discerned on the gleaming stones of the bottom. The "King of the Jewelled Coat" has vanished. Refraction and deflection have, as usual, won the day.

The gleaming stones! There is an unearthly, inimitable beauty under the clear water of a brook. Coleridge felt it, in a bit of earlier verse:—

"With all their tints thy waters rise,  
Thy crossing-plank, thy margin's willowy maze,  
And bedded sand that, veined with various dyes,  
Gleamed through thy bright transparence to the gaze!"

To *look* down into a pool is rather *vision*; from a world of air into a fairer world of water. There is one painter to-day who does his studies from a position in the stream. But even his achievement is sufficiently remote. Art and verse have seldom done more than describe the mirror-surface of a pool.

The old magic which transforms the dingy, dismal mossweed into a cool and pleasant plant, and makes precious stones of pebbles, does not fail in the case of a more brilliant creature. A brook trout in bright water; pearly breast, iridine sides, intricate

fins, eye circles of transparent fire—all brilliant as a jewel would be. The golden fishes of Greek and Roman dreams were only Chinese carp.

Beyond the Stillwater, for a quarter mile, the river fell faster, a procession of loud cascades, to an ideal kettle-hole where the current rumbled over a ledge into the inverted bubbly fountain of the pool, with its lilt and wash under the forest overhang. The afternoon was well along; the trees were darker green, and copied in the water below. There, at the White Boulder, we must separate from the river. We quitted the river's open way, and set off through the woods.

It was still something of a tramp to where our team was waiting. When we reached the barn, Cassius, after the long trip for a few fish, was in a gently cynical mood. A tall young Yankee approached, eager to tell of what he had done.

"I didn't give a darn, I jest went down and fished back over through the medders a-ways. I ketched two about so long" (indicating).

"You done well," said the seated Cassius, with exquisite shading.

The young fellow continued: "You've been goin' about all day. I s'pose a fellow ought to have a hundred trout in that long."

"We *haint*," said Cassius.—(All this is nothing without the tones of the speaker.)

The valley we had just descended now seemed incredibly distant. Over the hills was the soft day moon.—We stood about looking riverwards, until the carriage was ready.

*Royal Wheeler.*



## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

*The Sheff. Senior Class*

On October 5 elected the following officers: President, P. R. Robbins; Vice President, G. Burnham; Secretary and Treasurer, F. G. Burke, Jr.; Deacons, J. L. Baggs and E. B. Howard.

*The Academic Senior Class*

On October 5 and 6 elected the following officers: Orator, M. O. Parry; Poet, L. Bacon; Historian, L. Kennedy; Secretary, H. P. Stokes; Class Day Committee, H. H. Bundy, J. M. Howard, C. S. Campbell, R. Mallory, Jr., D. Fowler, 3d; Picture Committee, E. F. Jefferson, R. A. Spitzer, E. F. Bateson; Supper Committee, S. M. Phelan, Jr., M. B. Vilas, L. Godchaux, G. S. Macartney, R. S. Rose; Senior Promenade Committee, H. Lippitt, S. J. Keator, G. M. Congdon, E. F. Bateson, H. A. Howe, L. Godchaux, J. M. Ethridge; Class Book Committee, W. W. Borden, E. O. Proctor; Cap and Gown Committee, A. D. Farwell, J. H. Mallory, D. Fowler, 3d; Cup Committee, G. G. Dominick, A. A. Biddle, R. Mallory, Jr.; Triennial Committee, M. A. Seabury, J. B. Grant, Jr., P. S. Andrews, M. O. Parry, A. A. Clark.

*The Golf Team*

On October 6 won the intercollegiate championship by defeating Harvard 14 to 9.

*The Junior Class*

On October 7 elected the following Promenade Committee: E. Hoyt, 2d, chairman; S. M. Clement, Jr., floor manager; J. F. Johnson, Jr., E. H. Coy, L. G. Hall, C. C. Jewett, H. G. Holt, and E. T. Williams.

*The Sophomore Class*

On October 8 elected the following German Committee: A. L. Corey, chairman; E. S. Blair, floor manager; C. W. Davis, F. W. Hyde, Jr., F. F. Randolph.

*The Freshman Union*

On October 8 elected the following officers: President, R. K. Phillips; Vice President, J. W. Young; Secretary, D. McCon-

aughy; Treasurer, P. N. Bowen; Executive Committee, S. G. Harris, W. N. Allen, W. R. Barbour.

*The Class of 1911 S.*

On October 9 elected the following officers: President, H. F. Murchie; Vice President, DeWitt Knox; Secretary and Treasurer, W. A. Stone.

*The Class of 1910 S.*

On October 12 elected the following officers: President, B. Hopkins; Vice President, W. C. Douglas; Secretary and Treasurer, J. C. Reed.

*The Pundits*

On October 12 announced the election of the following members from 1909: R. O. Hayward, A. L. Loomis, S. M. Phelan, Jr., R. J. Schweizer, H. P. Stokes.

*The Class of 1909 S.*

On October 12 elected E. B. Howard, B. Thaw, Jr., and F. W. Beinecke to the Junior Promenade Committee. The following men were elected to the Byers Hall Committee: J. L. Bagg, T. Lynn, C. E. Lockhart, R. VanW. Negley.

*The University Tennis Team*

On October 20 elected N. C. Stevens, 1910, captain.

*The Cheer Leaders*

On October 23 were appointed as follows: J. M. Howard, 1909; M. A. Seabury, 1909; F. H. Olmsted, 1909; F. W. Bellamy, 1909; F. C. Hunt, 1909 S.; G. B. Ballard, 1909 S.

*The Kit Kat Club*

On October 27 announced the following elections from 1911: T. Beer, E. S. Blair, A. A. Gammell, A. M. Hartwell, C. E. Lombardi, A. R. Wheeler.

*The Sheff. Fraternity of Phi Sigma Kappa*

On October 27 announced the election of A. N. Williams, 1910 S.

*The Junior Fraternities*

On October 28 announced the following elections from 1909:

*Alpha Delta Phi*—L. Bacon, H. F. Cole, W. M. Donnelly, A. F. Kitchel, M. H. Walker, Jr.

*Psi Upsilon*—N. T. Childs, B. Helms, S. W. Ryder.

*Delta Kappa Epsilon*—R. H. Clark, C. C. Cunningham, Jr.

*Zeta Psi*—A. S. Davenport, R. Smillie, S. D. Stockton, Jr.

*Beta Theta Pi*—R. B. Burnham, W. Doster, G. L. Hollett, J. A. Hurley, Jr., R. C. Johnson, J. T. Loree, H. T. Messenger, C. H. Raymond 2d, T. L. Wheeler.

### *The Class of 1909 S.*

On October 28 elected the following officers: Class Day Committee, W. S. Lawson, Jr., R. W. La Montagne, T. D. Taggart, A. G. Heidrich, L. G. Warren; Class Book Committee, W. C. Wick, E. S. Peirce, J. L. Bagg, R. VanW. Negley; Triennial Committee, H. Hunsiker, J. B. Stuart, C. G. Frisbie; Supper Committee, H. V. Stephens, H. T. Prosser, B. Stearns; Cap and Gown Committee, W. B. Earnshaw, R. L. Mann, E. L. Beaty; Class Day Historians, G. Burnham, G. F. Brown, N. P. Pierce, W. O. Chanute, H. M. Wheaton; Cup Committee, L. V. Howe, R. Stanley-Brown, C. Gardner, Jr.; Statisticians, W. H. Hubbard, Jr., C. S. Condon, F. S. Page, F. B. Ijams; Class Book Historians, G. W. Traer, Jr., J. D. Cass, W. Farson, J. F. Walton, J. A. Scarlett, W. G. Rodiger, L. A. Banker; Senior Promenade Committee, G. C. Fels, T. Lynn, M. H. Wilson, Jr., R. E. Thompson; Picture Committee, C. F. Mills, P. R. Preston, R. H. Cary; Senior German Committee, J. S. Joyce, H. F. DeLavour, E. C. Wood.

### *The Sheff. Fraternity of Chi Phi .*

On October 31 announced the election of C. G. Amory, 1909 S., and J. T. Stoddart, 1909 S.

### *The Class of 1911*

On October 31 won the championship in the Fall Regatta.

### *The Soccer Team*

On October 31 was defeated, 3 to 1, by Ansonia.

### *Football Scores*

October 10—Yale 18, Holy Cross 0.

October 17—Yale 6, West Point 0.

October 24—Yale 38, Washington and Jefferson 0.

October 31—Yale 49, Massachusetts Agricultural College 0.

## BOOK NOTICES.

## CONCERNING CERTAIN NOVELS.

The past eighteen months have been distinguished by an output of novels remarkable in their salaciousness—if so mild a term may be fitly used. Five such novels have appeared in rapid succession; the aim of each, apparently, has been to eclipse, in its indecency, its immediate predecessor. Each has attained, in turn, this lofty ideal; and its success has always been immediately rewarded by phenomenal sales.

From a moral point of view, we find it hard to believe that a person of average mentality will be injured by reading such a book, but we must remember that many persons are not of average mentality.

As far as style or literary value goes, there is nothing in any one of these novels to recommend it. Neither a wholesome idea nor a clear concept can be found in the lot. The probable reason for their sale has been the desire to “find out what they are like.”

Here it may not be out of place to observe that the five, appearing one after another, have given everyone an admirable opportunity to satisfy his curiosity as to their nature.

So, if any more books of the sort appear, let us hope that curiosity will not exist as a factor in their sales.

*Holy Orders.* By Marie Corelli. The Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.65.

Marie Corelli, the indefatigable and unabashed, has again launched forth her javelins of wrath—directed, this time, at the well-forged armor of strong drink and ecclesiastical inactivity.

*Holy Orders* is typical of the modern essay-novel. The purpose of the authoress is obviously the driving home of her moral point at the expense of novelistic tradition. And since the vogue of the essay-novel has unmistakably come, it is only justice to Marie Corelli to say that she has done a questionable thing quite as well as anyone else who has attempted it since the days of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” The figure of a young clergyman struggling against the power of a rich brewer in a country village, and finally, when he has obtained an audience, sacrificing his career to

a passionate denunciation of the age that tolerates the liquor traffic, is a most happy one—for the purposes of the book.

But—alas for the novel of our grandfathers!

*Literary Reviews and Criticisms.* By Prosser Hall Frye. Geo. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

The essays embodied in this volume—some of which have appeared in the *Evening Post*, the *Bookman*, and the *Independent*,—cover a wide range of literary subjects, from the Elizabethan Sonnet through Balzac and Corneille to Zola and Maupassant. One could wish that a somewhat more constricted field had been the price of more pleasing individual essays. After all, a chief aim of this form of literature should be to convince; and we can hardly attribute a convincing quality to all of the essays in question.

Out of the eighteen, the present reviewer prefers the first—that on the Elizabethan Sonnet. It is both scholarly and convincing, and, at all events, leaves one with a clear impression of the author's views. Unfortunately, not as much can be said for the rest of the essays—notably, that on Zola.

*At Large.* By Arthur Christopher Benson. Geo. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Benson has won a place all his own in the none too human field of the modern personal essay. A "personal essay not human" seems an odd paradox, and yet what a mass of just such writings are annually heaped before us, from the cheap "Fireside Talks" of the evening papers to the pseudo-Addisonian efforts of pseudo-Spectators!

The eighteen essays and the epilogue of Mr. Benson's latest book richly fulfil the promise of the "Upton Letters"; one who has felt his warm, personal touch in the latter will be slow to miss an opportunity to read *At Large*. Mr. Benson's genius—and there are few who will question the term—is mellowing with time, and its every succeeding product brings with it a new delight.

If any one of the essays deserves to be ranked above the rest, it is that on "Contentment"—partly, no doubt, because contentment is to a great extent the keynote of Mr. Benson's writings; but principally because of the warm charm of the essay itself. To use a most trite expression, because the idea seems necessary, one

must read it for one's self to comprehend this. Not the least interesting feature of it is the author's defence of his doctrine of indifference to "success" as we know the term.

But read all the essays—one at a time, however, for they are compressed, like the odd little Japanese paper contrivances which, when moistened, broaden out into gorgeous flowers.

*A Canyon Voyage.* By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Geo. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

"The Wonderland of the West" means much to us, even now—to us, who go forth from our effete East in luxurious Pullmans, to assault Pike's Peak and the Grand Canyon with cameras and motors. If it means privation to us, because we are, perforce, deprived of our New York morning papers for a day or two, what must it have meant to the pioneers of our gloomy Rockies and the deep-cut gorge of the Colorado?

*A Canyon Voyage* is a narrative of the second Powell Expedition from Wyoming through the Green and Colorado river-valleys, in the years 1871 and 1872. This expedition, it should be observed, was the first source of really detailed and accurate information regarding this part of the country, and it is from this that the book at hand gains its chief interest. As a narrative, too, it is most interesting. Mr. Dellenbaugh's style is clear, though a bit monotonous.

E. K. M.

The LIT. acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following volumes, some of which may be reviewed in subsequent issues:  
Geo. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Mirabeau and the French Revolution.* Fling.

*The Making of the English Constitution.* White.

*The Justice of the Mexican War.* Owen.

*Shakespeare Proverbs.* Cowden-Clarke. (Rolfe.)

The Macmillan Company.

*The Ladies' Pageant.* Lucas.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

*Interplay.* Harraden.

Dodd, Mead & Company.

*The Fly on the Wheel.* Thurston.

Henry Holt & Company.

*Hero and Leander.* Schütze.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

With the Japanese, we are told, tea has ever held a revered position, certain ceremonies being undergone in the drinking of it. The great Napoleon offered prizes for the discovery of substitutes, realizing its importance in relation to his paper blockade. Even our Boston had its affair over the beverage, converting its harbor into a vast brew. One wonders that there is not some annual festival commemorating this event, where those interested could be served from the hands of fair descendants of the gallant gentlemen who cast this bread upon the waters! A most interesting affair it would doubtless be.

Tea-drinking suggests pink, as war does red, or melancholy green or gray; women, lots of them, and a sprinkling of males, minor poets, shaggy artists, and here and there a man, floundering like a fish out of water. There is conversation, but indivisible, a ceaseless hum and drone, and kaleidoscopic scintillation of dresses and faces. Altogether a time for one to link arms with the lone man mentioned and get out of this.

A follower of the elusive pigskin once told the editor that at a certain institution of learning which has always enjoyed a reputation for the lady-like mien of its young men, they were in the habit of serving tea in their rooms. The editor joined in the laugh that followed when the booter was asked whether they didn't get something better where he lived. Alas! The editor serves tea in his own garret, under mild protest at first, but now quite brazenly and without shame.

One almost suspects that here is a concrete of the fundamental reality that never changes expressed in terms of the changing. That which has seen and affected the rise of nations and commerce, that has concerned the minds of warriors and statesmen, for which substitutes have been tried and proved failures,—this we find is casting down the barriers of skepticism before it and permeating to all corners of the earth. The *coureur des bois* in the northland hugs as his life his brick of tea. The skeptic scoffs: behold he serves, quite unabashed at his mugwumpery.

For as an accompaniment to conversation we find it best of all. A pipe for an hour with one's self. But the homely brown teapot stands ever ready for the friend or two that may drop in of afternoons, after walks, or recitations, to pass the twilight hour. There is a note of bachelor domesticity about the whole preparation, a profligacy of brewing, a recklessness in handling the fuel, a cheerful abandon of dishes under chairs or on the mantle, for the ever faithful Aethiop, Bill, to find on the morrow. The gentle stimulus pulls brilliancy from the dullest; the clever man reaches heights quite transcendental.

The coffee and chocolate houses of the "Spectator" are memories. The saloon is with us, but straws show that the wind will blow the saloon away

on the pinions of a hurricane. Tea is our salvation. When Mr. So-and-So's wife calls on Mrs. Such-a-One and promises over 'a cup of tea to introduce your wife, and this germ is spread, it is here that the more complete unification of the land is brought to pass. "The Union: it must be preserved," and we pledge ourselves in tea. .

We notice this item in the Christ Church correspondence to the "Oxford Magazine": "The River.—Two House Fours have gone into training. A large number of Freshmen are being tubbed, including some promising Americans." Does it seem possible that our English brethren regard us, their collateral cousins, as "the great unwashed," and must Freshmen with them go through this mud bath? Alas, one of them was of us! But we take consolation in the adjective "promising," so 'ere's 'oping they get clean pretty soon.

## ANACREONTIC.

I would not be  
A voyager on the windy seas:  
More sweet to me  
This bank where crickets chirp, and bees  
Buzz drowsy sunshine minstrelsies.

I would not bide  
On lonely heights where shepherds dwell.  
At twilight-tide,  
The sounds that from the valley swell—  
Soft-breathing flutes and herdsman's bell—

Are sweeter far  
Than music of cold mountain rills;  
The evening star  
Wakes love and song below, but chills  
With mist and breeze the gloomy hills.

I would not woo  
Some storm-browed Juno queenly fair.  
Soft eyes that sue,  
And sudden blushes, unaware  
Do net my heart in silken snare.

I do not love  
The ery, but low woodland nest  
Of cushat dove;  
Not wind but calm; not toil but rest,  
And sleep in grassy meadow's breast.

—*Old Lit.*



## BEAUTY.

Her beauty lies upon her face  
As sunlight masks the barren sea;  
A fitful, accidental grace  
Which Time shall ruin utterly.

Not like the Beauty all divine  
(The 'house of God,' the poet saith),  
Which is the craftsman-soul's design,  
Its majesty supreme in death.

—*Williams Literary Monthly.*

H. A. B.

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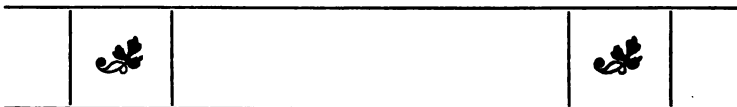
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